

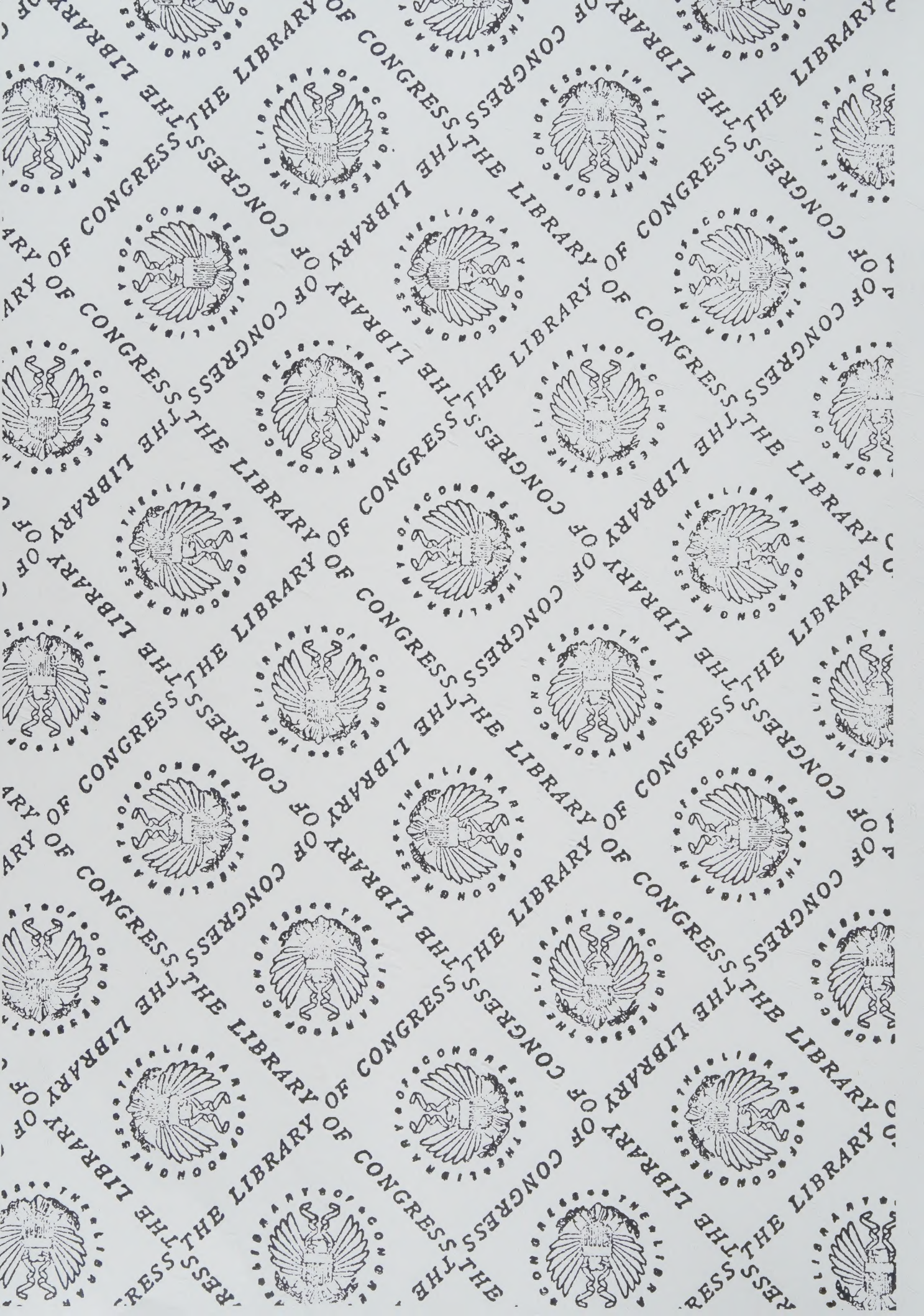
Lyrics of the hills ..

Edward Kenna B. [from old catalog]





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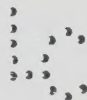
LYRICS

OF

THE HILLS.



By Edward B. Kenna.



PS 3521 .

.E52L8

1902

Press of
The Acme Publishing Company,
Morgantown, W. Va.

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This to my Mother,

From whose worth I have learned to love the things worth loving; and to that other one from whose woman's heart has come the best of my inspiration.

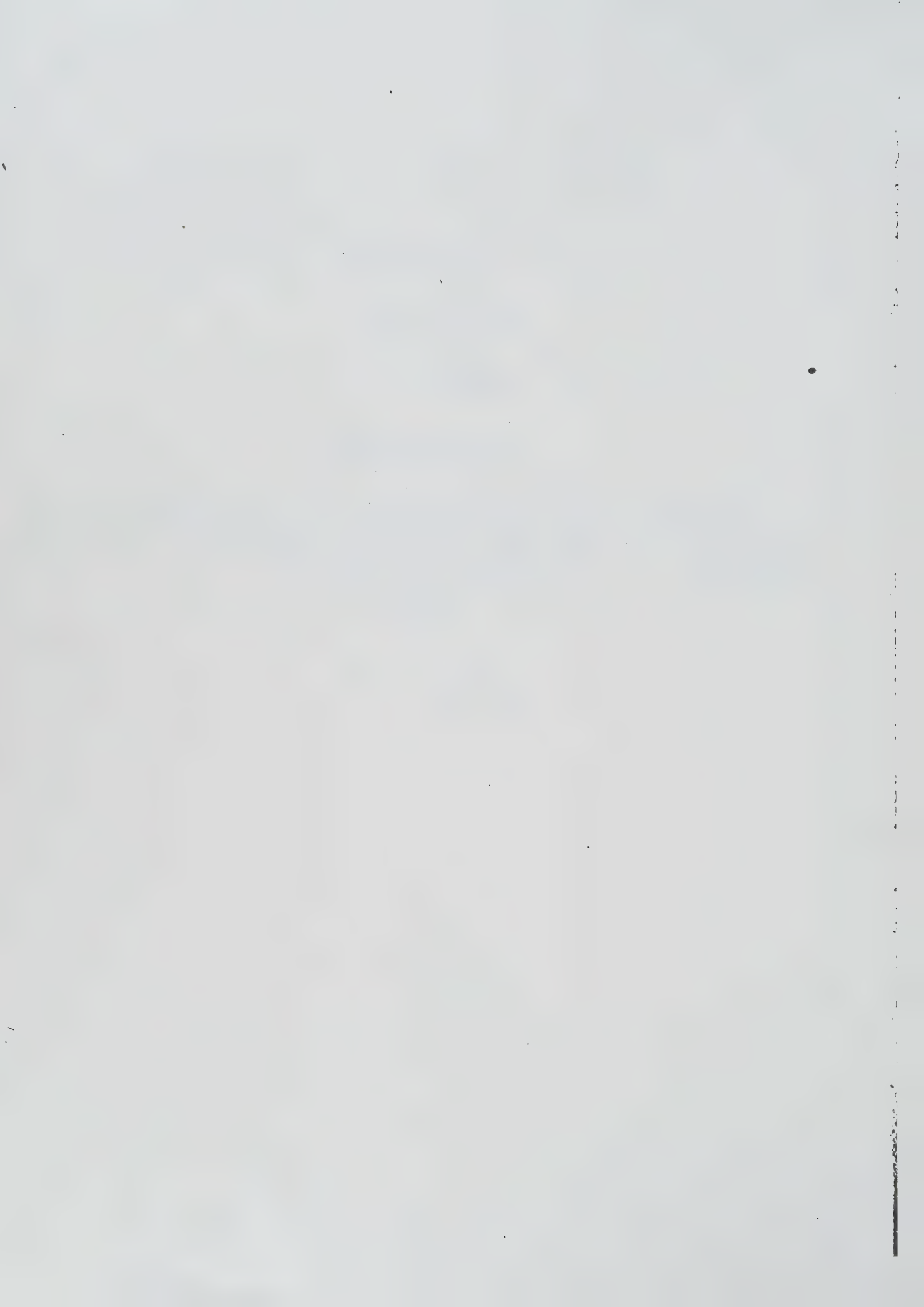


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Lyrics of the Hills.

INSPIRATION.

A thought from God's great heart of love
Fell to this world of wrong;
A poet made this thought his own,
And breathed it forth in song.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SONG.

I come into the room to-night
Where ruddy fire-logs glow,
And hear a viol crooning soft
A melody sweet and low,
A melody that sings to me
A secret lovers know.
And you are holding the bow, sweetheart,
'Tis for you the music rings,
As rippling low the clear notes flow
In the song the viol sings.

.

The airs Isaye plays, sweetheart,
The songs that Calve sings,
Are not so clear as this sweet song
With which your viol rings.
'Tis sweet as the horn of the herald morn
Or the rush of angel wings;
'Tis pure, 'tis far too pure for earth,

The love it tells, too true,
When the viol sings through its vibrant strings
Its melody for you.

My heart is like the viol, dear;
My heart for you will be
A vibrant harp of wondrous tone,
Afire with melody,
To sing a silent song of love
For all eternity—
A song of love as pure and true
As the breath of the spring-time sod,
Where worshipping flowers in odorous bowers
Waft incense up to God.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

WE, ABOUT TO DEPART, SALUTE THEE.

(Class Poem.)

It scarcely seems
The consummation of our college dreams
Can be so near.

Yet now the day is here
And we, at last, are free to go
To test the worth of all the joy and woe
That go to make the world.

The path ahead seems smooth, well-trod and clear;
And yet a fear
Is in my heart, that when
We tread this path of life abreast with men
Who thirst for joy in fame or gold,
Who trample, in their greed, the weak and old,
We shall not find
The world is, by its very nature, kind.

There is a fruit that grows in Palestine
As luscious looking as the muscadine,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

But when we break the skin
To seek the pulp within
We find its beauty all is on its face
And in its heart but worthless dust has place.
The world is like this fruit. In our young dreams
It glistens fair, and seems
All fairy gold and no alloy,
A thing of beauty and eternal joy,
But we shall never find it so.

Its seeming fairness we too soon shall know
A polished face to hide the dross below.
We picture days in shady bowers
Where love-lit hours—
Joy waves on the sea of life—
Shall ripple by with peaceful beauty rife.
But we shall find,
Intertwined
With the flowers
Scattered there
Sweet and fair,
Many a thorn to which the petals made us blind.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

In happy dreams
We oft have drifted down calm, peaceful streams
Where breezes sang
A whispered song, and sweet chimes rang
A lullaby that floated through the listening air
And told of joys as pure as prayer.

We oft have voyaged far across a dreamland sea
Upon a cloud-craft builded of our dreams
To find a land where joy from care would e'er be free
And strife and wrath and sorrow would not be.
We have beheld, all radiant in the gleams
Of crimson light
That kiss the earth just ere the sun has set,
The airy summit of a minaret
That graced the land we longed to own.
But waking came and then we knew
A fact, forever true,
A fact I feel we should have known—
There is no perfect happiness within the girth
Of this small sphere we call the earth.

Hast ever seen
The dust dance in the chapel, where a shaft of light
Full often throws a halo bright
Upon the celebrant ?
Hast ever seen the incense rise
In graceful clouds that charm thine eyes
And heard the chant
That sings God's praise, and thought that here
Within the bounds of this poor sphere
True happiness could be ?

The earth is small,
But happiness is all—
I lay upon the hills at night
And saw the wondrous constellations whirl
Like fretful midges in a sea of light;
I saw ten thousand suns impearl
The darkness of illimitable space;
I saw the farthest, faintly glimmering star
And knew that, howsoever far
I saw, still further yet immensities of distance are.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

I scarce could dare
Then to compare
The earth with all the greatness there
It is so small compared with all
The majesty of heaven, its wonders pall
And seem the simplest commonplace.

The world in space
Is like the microscopic bubble from the mouth
Of some pink-coral-building insect of the south
Upon the sea.

A mote that one can scarcely see
Amid such vast immensity.

The world is small and yet God's hand is here,
Its impress unmistakable and clear.

The fragrant rose,
The bird whose song delights the hearts of men;
The brook that flows
In babbling melody adown the glen
Singing a strain
Whose sweet refrain

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Is clearer than the pipes of Pan

Soft blown by lips Æolian;

Proclaim

His loving name

In simple sweetness to the minds of men.

The thunderous shock

Of seas that beat the battlemented shore

And crush the rock

And grind to sand the continents; the roar

Of storms, that hurl the ships of Æolus adown the sky

Proclaim

His awful name

In terror-breathing accents to the hearts of men;

Upon the cloud-wove banner of the storm that flaunts
on high;

Upon the petals of the rose where dainty dew drops lie,

Is traced the mystic beauty of His name.

The fragrance of the falling dew,

The glory of the sunset's hue,

The rosebud with bright dew drops clinging

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

In crystal beauty to its leaves,
The simple songs the birds are singing
Beneath the shade of the sheltering eaves,
The poem with true feeling ringing
Straight from the heart that joys or grieves,
Love them all—parts of God's plan
They are whispers of love from God to man.
To love them is to worship Him
Whose simple word
Sufficed to bring from out primordial nothingness
Potential forms; to body forth the beauty of his mind;
To dress
To His own plan
In regal garb of verdant loveliness
This earthly home He made for man.
This earth is not the final home, this life is not the
final end of man.
This life is but a tear of sorrow for the angel's sin,
A way to fill the place where they had been.
Each tear has, hidden in its limpid breast,
The beauty of the wondrous bow

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

That arches o'er the earth when rain is done.
But all the beauty of all tears that flow
 In sorrow from a heart distresse d,
And all the beauty of the Iris bow
 That, halo-like, bedecks the distant mountain's
 crest,
Is but the borrowed glory of the sun.
So all the beauty of this lowly life,
Its dreams of perfect love, the glory of its strife,
In each delight from starry vault to grassy sod
Is but a faint reflection of the beauty of its God.

This life is but the grub-state of that butterfly,
 The human soul;
This body is the rough cocoon wherein the soul must lie
 Until the goal
Is reached, then, freed from all the trammels of the
 earth,
 The heritage of human birth,
The soul may soar to flowery realms above
And sip the honeyed blossoms of eternal love.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

The day is here
And we, at last, are free to go
To test the worth of all the joy and woe
That go to make the world.
A poet one-time sang, that all which he held dear
Had fled with the snows of the vanished year.
Time will come, when we are dead
And lost like the snows of years gone by;
Yet when all the time of life has fled
The deeds of true men shall not die.

Deep in the depths of the violet's heart
Glistens a drop of dew.
Yonder where daylight and darkness part
Are clouds of wondrous hue.
There where those swift-winged swallows dart
Nestles a lake of blue.
Things of beauty and joy are here
All one with the snows of yesteryear,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Men of the past, themselves are dead,
But out of their graves have sprung
The noblest deeds of the souls that are sped,
For worth is ever young.

These deeds are as one with the lives that have fled,
Whose praise has not been sung,
As the sparkling waters of meadow and mere
Are one with the snows of yester-year.

Comrades, let us go
And aid the joy and fight the woe
That go to make the world.
Let us go and make the world the better for our lives,
This, we can if we but do our best;
The spindrift on the breaker's crest,
The mist that Midas-like transforms the west
To God's own plan
Bring joy to man.

This each of us can do, for he who strives
Can lift the load from many fellow men,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

And when he dies his memory will not die
But in the hearts of men will live
And know the honor that the world can give
 To him it loves,
And more than honor that this life can know,
For in his joy will be no taint of woe
For him who loves and aids his fellow men,
 Him God will love.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

MY KNOWLEDGE.

I know those fleecy clouds, that lie
 Athwart the sky,
Afire with opalescent hue,
 Have sailed o'er you,
And seen the wondrous glory of your eyes,
And now are sighing to the wondering skies
 Their glad surprise.

I know that breeze that whispers there
 Caressed your hair;
For now it fills the love-bright hours
 With breath of flowers,
And hints, and breaths, of perfume, mystic, rare,
Of kisses, sweet and pure as mountain air,
 My lips pressed there.

Where high the loftiest leaflet swings
 The mock-bird sings;

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

I know the bird has heard you play
That old sweet lay;
I know the mock-bird knows my heart's keen pain,
For hark! I hear the heart-song once again,
Your viol's strain.

I know in all of earth or air
I find you there.
The mock-bird's song, the cloud's bright hue,
Tell me of you.
I know that when my hopes of fame uprise,
When I have striven hard, I seek the prize
In your deep eyes.

God grant me this:—when life has flown
And I, alone,
Face Him upon the Throne of White,
I may be right;
And that among the angel hosts that grace
The corridors of that celestial place,
I see your face.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS:

And, seeing, love you as I do
And be so true
Through æons of eternity
That you must see,
What time's brief span could never fitly show.
Without your love, heaven's bliss is taint with woe,
I love you so!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Like a breath of perfume roaming

From a rose's fragrant breast;

Like a love song in the gloaming

When the moon is in the west;

Like a ray of sunlight gleaming

Upon a storm swept sea;

Like a thought too pure for dreaming

To a soul in misery,

There came a God-sent joy to cheer this earth,

That happy, love-fraught day that knew your birth.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A PRAYER.

I would not make thy life one whit less glad
By sighing of what might have been,
Nor of the wild despair that makes mine sad
And hurries me to paths of sin.

But all the great round world is word of thee;
The pale moon brings me memories
That sting and torture, for they are to me
Wild mockers of the agonies

That come to fill the place where hope once dwelt—
Fair hope that ever knew thee, dear!
I weep not, for despair so deep ne'er felt
The sweetened solace of a tear.

O winds that wail through all the dreary night!
O stars, that mock my helpless pain!
O God! bring joy to her and deep delight;
Let not my suffering be in vain!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Bring Thou to her the happiness of love!

Make Thou her life a paradise!

Hear Thou and grant, O Lord, great God above!

And I! The memory of her eyes!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

MY VALENTINE.

A valentine came from my love to me,
 (Sing hey for the good Saint Valentine),
It was not a card with a posey writ
In the heart of a picture drawn on it;
It was not a lock of raven hair,
Nor a shimmering curl of tresses fair;
Nor was it a bow of azure hue,
With its unwritten message. "I love you,"
And yet a message of love was mine,
So here's to good Saint Valentine.

The message that came from my love to me,
 (Sing hey for the good Saint Valentine),
Was merely a glance, yet a tale it told
That is always new, yet ever old.
'Twas fairer than posey, or bow of blue,
And it told me truer, "I love you,"
For a loving glance from her lovelit eye
Is surely too perfect to deign to lie;
A perfect message of love was mine,
So here's to good Saint Valentine.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

BALLAD OF THE MAINE.

It was the Maine--our battleship--in Havana harbor
lay

But now above her sunken guns the finny fishes play,
And o'er the bones of her brave boys the slimy sea-
weeds sway.

Lulled by the sailor's lullaby, the murmur of
of the deep,

On board the Maine our Yankee tars had sunk
in trust to sleep:

But now for these, our murdered braves, our
maids and matrons weep.

But men weep not! 'Tis not their part to moan and
weep the slain--

They must remember every wrong, and mete out
pain for pain.

Up, men! our honor is at stake; strike home! revenge
the Maine!

Hear the trumpets in the glen
Call the fighting mountain men:

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

“By the memory of the Maine,
Come! Avenge your murdered slain!”
Hear the summons of the drum:
“Come, you Yankee fighters! Come
From mountain, plain, and hollow!”
And we’ll follow, follow, follow
To the rumble, roll and rattle
Of our drum;
To the wild charge of the battle,
Till our foemen flee like cattle
As we come.

Jehovah! God of Holiness! display Thy awful might.
Give peace unto those sailor boys who perished in
the night.

Give vengeance swift and sure as death! Do Thou
uphold the right!

Revenge is mine, and mine alone, the Lord,
our God has said;

But hear the sailor’s mother weep and wail
her murdered dead.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Does not the very sun sink down behind a
cloud of red?

Up, men! you men of Gettysburg, have you forgot
the way

You met the charging legions there, your bretheren
in the gray?

You know their worth, and they know yours, join
ranks and fight today!

Hear the trumpets in the glen

Call the fighting mountain men:

“By the memory of the Maine,

Come! Avenge your murdered slain!”

Hear the summons of the drum:

“Come! you Yankee fighters! Come

From mountain, plain, and hollow!”

And we'll follow, follow, follow

To the rumble, roll and rattle

Of our drum;

To the wild charge of the battle,

Till our foemen flee like cattle

As we come.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

HUNTIN' TIME IS COMIN'.

Huntin' time is comin'
For the pheasants are a drummin'
And the ches'nut burrs are turnin' on the south side
of the tree;
And the "*whicker, whicker, whicker,*
Of the raspin', sceamin' flicker
Comes a driftin' from the mountain top across the
crick to me.

The bobwhites are a whistlin'
And circlin' hawks are listenin'
Where they slowly sail a watchin' all the country
underneath;
The hazelnuts are turnin',
And my very heart is yearnin'
For the whirr of birds, the bark of guns and the
broomsage-covered heath.

Why, it was this very mornin'
That I had a sign, a warnin',

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

That the squirrels are here a cuttin' wherever mast
is found;

For I found, when I warn't tryin',

A hickorynut shell lyin'

Fresh cut an' eaten hollow right in the foot-trod
ground.

Lord! I'm glad this time is comin',

For there's lots fun in bummin'

Through the autnmn woods a dreamin' and a huntin'
all the day,

When a feller's kind o' lazy,

And the golden days are hazy,

And the whisperin' breeze has conjured all his troubles
far away.

Yes, the huntin' time's a comin'

For the pheasants are a drummin',

And the ches'nut burrs are turnin' on the south side
of the tree;

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

To the woods my thoughts are turnin
And my hungry heart is yearnin
For the woods where man is master and his every
thought is free.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

FATHER TABB.

A dewdrop holding in its breast
The brightness of the sun,
The essence of the muse's best;
A thousand thoughts in one.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

FALL TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

Fall time in the country. Ain't you feelin' fine?
Pawpaws on the bushes, fox grapes on the vine,
Gorgeous leaves a fallin', partridge whistles clear,
Hints o' fun a huntin', in the lazy atmosphere,
Why life is worth the livin', an' a feller knows he's free,
Fall time in the country, the best o' times to me.

Fall time in the country, ain't you feelin' good,
When you hear the chestnuts fallin' in the stillness
of the wood,
When the drummin' of the pheasants, boomin' up
the wooded hill,
Sets the very heart of nature aquiver and athrill
With the vigor and the spirit of the good old uster be?
Fall time in the country is mighty dear to me.

Fall time in the country, when the sunlight filters down
The tangled maze of cloudland and through the
beeches brown

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

In the golden rays it scatters on the dear old dirty sod
I can trace in wondrous letters the mystic word of God
And the goodness of the Master, who willed that it
 should be,
Oh the olden, golden autumn is the best o' times to me.

KEATS.

At Adonais' birth

The nightingale burst forth in floods of
song,

That from the lowly earth

Soared high, and jubilantly bore along
Adown the golden splendor of the morn
The news that he was born.

At Adonais' death

The muse donned robes of sober ame-
thyst.

At his last labored breath

Chaste Dian left her starry heights and
kissed

His marble brow. The moon grew dark
and fled

To hear that he was dead.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SPRING SONG.

Heigho! the swallows are coming,
And soon they'll be skimming o'er meadows and
mere!

Heigho! the bees will be humming,
The bluebird is nesting—the song birds are here!
The harbinger bluebird has brought us sweet tiding
Of breezes, and sunshine, and flowers, and spring;
And there in the cedars the redbird is hiding—
Hark! hear the melody—list to him sing!

Hear the blithe gallant's gay musical wooing!—
Who would not wish him success in his love?—
And there in the meadow I hear a sweet cooing
That tells me Dan Cupid has not spared the dove.
Everywhere! Any time! Morning to gloaming,
I hear the sweet song-birds just home from their
roaming.

Heigho! the roses are bursting
The bonds that have held them the whole winter
long;

Heigho! all nature is thirsting

For showers, and breezes, and perfume, and song
The herald arbutus announces that flowers

Will romp over forest, and meadow, and glade;
The violet whispers of long summer hours,

And bowers of sweetness, and perfume, and shade;
The buttercup sings of vast riches of pleasure

That wait us in shadowy walks of the wood;
Forget-me-nots murmur their mild moving measure,

And coyly keep secrets they'd tell if they could.
Everywhere! any time, morning to morning,

I hear the sweet flowers all dreariness scorning.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE VIOL AND BOW.

There is a fiddle, I call mine, made of most ancient wood;
That in the babyhood of time in primal forest stood."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

This is the song the viol and bow
Sang to the player that, night
The player old, with the snowy hair,
As he sat in the balmy June night air,
When the moon was shining bright.

They both cried "Oh!"
To both viol and bow,
"What a pleasure it is to tell all we know
Of the days when we lived in heart of the
trees,
When we rocked in the tempest and stirred
in the breeze,
When we heard the wild music the forest harp
sings,
When over its strings
The wild wind swings

And forth through the silence a harmony
flings.

“We learned every note
Of that anthem by rote.
‘Twas sweeter than music that Mozart e’er
wrote.

The soft summer breeze sang another sweet
song

That lisped as it lilted its murmur along,
A melody sweet as the song of the bird,
Whose singing it heard,
When it softly had stirred
The tree whose broad branches had sheltered
the bird.

“It sang them of showers,
And sweet blowing flowers
That perfumed the air through the long sum-
mer hours,
And it sang of green mosses in violet dells,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Where deep in the blossoms a fairy maid
 'dwells,
Who sings with delight, through the long summer days,
 The mystical lays,
 She sweetly plays,
On the cobweb strung harp of the musical fays.

 'In our hearts are deep burned
 The songs we have learned,
And safe in our bosom we hold them inurned;
 The song of the forest, the breeze or the bird,
 These wonderful memories of music we heard,
Will spring forth full blooded, if you can but
 know,
 The rhythm and flow,
 The weal and the woe,
That throb in the hearts of us, viol and bow.

 'When the first light impearled
 The wondering world,

When the night's starry banner the first time
unfurled,
When the garden of earth was not withered
by sin,
The music of nature for ages had been,
And music still lives, as sweet as 'twas then,
And listening men
Can all hear it when
They listen with ears that are childlike again.

“For there is no dearth
Of music on earth
That waits but the summons to call it to birth,
You can ensnare these song birds of thought,
In the chords of your heart, and having them
caught,
Can bid them sing anthems to ring forth along
The ages, in song,
As pure and strong
As harmonies sung by the angelic throng.”

Thus sang the viol and bow
To the weary player that night;
The player old, with the snowy hair,
As he sat in the balmy June night air,
When the moon was shining bright.

And the player heard their song,
For his heart was childlike then,
And he sang a song that made his name
A watchword on the path to fame,
And gave him the love of men.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh, modest flower, 'tis thine to bring
The herald perfume of the spring;
So silent death 'tis thine to be
✓ The herald of Eternity.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE VALLEY OF SLUMBERLAND.

A LULLABY.

Into the valley of Slumberland
Mama and baby go;
Softly and sweetly the breezes blow,
Sweetly and softly the brooklets flow,
And goblins and fays
Run hither and there,
And weave moonrays
Into garments rare
For the king and the queen of this grand old
land—
The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

CHORUS.

Heigho! Byoh!
Into the valley of Slumberland,
Where dreams are the gleams
Of the Slumbermoon;
Where the sun's first ray,
And the break of day

Come all too soon.

Heigho! sing low!

Of the joys of the kingdom of Slumberland.

Over the hills at the close of the day,

Singing a lullaby low;

Hearing the fairy songs as we go,

Seeing the fairy lights gleam and glow,

As the fairies dance

On violets sweet

That seem to entrance

Their twinkling feet

As they whirl and twirl while the crickets play,

Over the hills at the close of the day.

In this fair kingdom of Slumberland

Roses and jasmines blow,

Sweeter than blossoms our meadows know,

Fairer than flowers our gardens grow;

So, baby, let's go

To this valley fair

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Where never a woe
Nor ever a care
Can come to kill joy, in this wonderful land—
The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

Just a breath of perfume in the air
As if some prayerful elf a censor swung;
Just a sigh of music faintly sung,
As if the ghost of Echo lingered there;
Just a whispering breeze to lisp a prayer
Too pure to find a voice in mortal tongue;
Just a joy in life when life is young,
And hope and happiness are everywhere.

And then to trace a golden stream of thought
Through all the tortuous sweetness of its way;
To dream of joys too pure to ever be;
To picture fancy courts so dainty wrought,
Titania there could well hold queenly sway;
The joy of doing naught lies here for me.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

HUNTING SONG.

Death of the waning year;
 Fall of the year to rest;
The hound's voice rises clear
 From the woods on the mountain's crest:
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
 Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this mystic wine
 Quaffed from the winter's brink.

Flavor of untold heights;
 Boquet of the pungent air;
Color the wavering lights
 That halo the mountains there;
 This is the wine of the fall
 And all
 Of the line of life is this.
To sup from its cup and then fill it up
 And tipple the autumn's bliss.

Oh who would dalliant be
Where the cry of the hounds is clear?
Dead in is heart is he
Who finds not hunting dear.
When the whirr of the rising bird
Is heard
And the roar of the answering gun.
My heart is glad, delirious, mad,
For the feast of the fall has begun.
Life of the mellow year,

Joy of the hunter's quest;
The death of the day is here;
Sit by the fire and rest;
Rest and talk of the day,
And say:
When the hunt of the day is done,
That man ne'er had a dog less bad
Nor ever a better gun.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Joy of health is yours,
And health and heart are dear;
From the flask of the fall outpours
The tippie to soothe and cheer.
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this mystic wine
Quaffed from the winter's brink.

TWO SONGS.

The bow sweeps slow o'er the vibrant string,
And the magic of mystic art
Lures from the wood the strains that ring
Unsung in the master's heart,
And, wild as the song the sweet spheres know,
From the viol's heart comes the master's woe.

Sweetheart, thy love o'er my tense heart's strings
Swept with caressing art,
And a God-sent melody lived, that sings
Through the depths of my longing heart—
A song that shall live till life is done,
Till eternity, time, and we are one.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

LULLABY.

Sleep, little one, on your mama's breast,
Safe as a dove in its downy nest,
While the frost king knocks at the window-sill,
And the storm king romps o'er vale and hill.
The fire burns low in the hearthplace there,
But safe and snug in our easy chair
We'll sail over billows of misty light
To the land of Nod and Dreams to-night.
Sleep, my baby—sleep, my own!

Rest, little head, on your mama's breast,
For that is the dearest haven of rest;
And the time will come, and that too soon,
When you'll long in vain for mother's croon.
For babyland days are quickly past,
And sorrow will come to you, dear, at last.
Then sleep, will be your only rest;
So sleep, little one, on your mama's breast.
Sleep, my baby—sleep, my own!

THE JUDGMENT.

Opon a lonely mountain in the land of Seekto-
know,
Four sages sat in conference, a long-sought truth
to show;
They sought by wise conclusions all the universe
to bless—
They sought to solve the problem of just what's
happiness.

They summoned natives from all lands of all
the wide-spread earth,
And every island in the sea on which a man
found birth;
They summoned men of every class, from great-
est to the least—
From every rank of life they chose, from mur-
derer to priest.

They listened to the theory of every single
man,

And begged each hopeful schemer to elaborate
his plan;
They heard the plan of every man with calm,
impartial mien,
But when the last had said his say no settlement
was seen.

For one said drink was joy to him; sobriety the
next;
One claimed the Bible for his all, and one ab-
horred the text;
One said that marriage was his bliss; the next
said single life;—
One spoke for peace and rest and love, the next
one plead for strife..

They disagreed in myriad ways the sages had
not thought;
And every witness seemed to hide the very
truth they sought.

The sages called a halt, for fear they soon would
know much less
Of that profound, and long-sought truth, just
what is happiness.

But when the crowd of men had gone and left
the sages there,
These pundits sat in silent thought—they never
would despair;
They sat and sat, and thought and thought, till
one the silence broke,—
And after sighing thoughtfully, he cleared his
throat and spoke:

“It seems to me that every man has ideas of his
own;
How different these ideas are has just been
clearly shown.
But earthly bliss is relative, and howsoe’er they
take it,
True happiness to all mankind is only what they
make it.”

THE AMABAMA CHOON,

You may talk about the Dickey bird,
From far across the sea,
Or the Phililooloo bird upon
The amfalulu tree;
But the music of these singing birds,
Or any bird-sung tune,
Isn't in it with our Eustace
And the Amabama Choon!

Some children sing of fairyland,
Where lived Hop-o'-my-thumb,
With every tree a candy store,
Each leaf a sugar plum;
But Eustace sings of higher things—
"The silvery southern moon"
And the mammy-ginny-mammy of
That Amabama Choon!

His eyes grow wide with wonderment

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

When once he starts to sing,
He seems to see all fairyland
And every mystic thing.
He sings that nigger lullaby,
Sips a potent magic croon,
And all the force of all his thought
Is centered in that "choon.

It may be that this earnestness
Does not prognosticate
A happy time in future years
When Eustace will be great;
But still it seems to me to tell
That some day ('twill be soon)
The boy will show in graver things
The power of that "choon.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

LONGING.

I am weary, weary, weary of the hurry and the strife,
I'm longing for the country air, a taste of country life,
Where all the air is laden with the breath of locust
blossoms,
Where the worth of life is evidenced by songs and
sweet perfume.

I long to find a quiet spot within a leafy glen
Away from all the ceaseless rush, the sickening crush,
of men,
And with thoughts a-wandering cloudwards and head
upon the sod,
To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and
with God.

To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and
with God,
To stray through many fields of thought where oft-
times men have trod,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

To dream of happy future days, when skies are
always blue,
And hearts are ever happy, and I, sweetheart, with
you.

I'm weary of the musty smell, the eye-bane type of
books,
My heart is fain of spring-time rain and gurgling,
chuckling brooks;
My heart is fain of cloudy skies, or skies of azure hue,
But more than all my heart is fain of you, dear heart,
of you.

I long to find a quiet spot within a leafy glen,
Away from all the ceaseless rush, the sickening crush
of men,
And with thoughts awandering cloudwards, and head
upon the sod,
To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and
with God.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE SESTINA OF THOUGHTFUL BILL.

It may be that this world is full o' joy,
And that the poor ain't got a cinch on pain;
It may be that the rich is kind o' heart,
An' that the hungry poor knows brother love;
It may be that these things *has* all been true,
But if they *is*. I swear that I don't know.

This don't seem like the world I useter know,
When in the clover fields I walked in joy,
An' I felt that love an' life was good an' true,
With nary single thought o' woe or pain;
When all the world was one great blaze o' love,
With not a shadder in its sunny heart.

I thought I felt the throb o' nature's heart,
An' caught the secret that the seasons know;
I thought the countersign of all was "Love,"
An' hoped by it to pass the lines o' joy,
An' dodge the sryin' picket line o' pain,
An' live where men was to themselves half true.

I never see a man yet who was true,
An' didn't fool his own onknown' heart,
A thinkin' he would lose his share o' pain,
By blindin' at the plainest things men know,
Thinkin' to find a tinge o' perfect joy,
By to his onery self a makin' love.

Most o' the men of earth has got a love,
For that that all men call the good an' true;
They love it, ef they think it brings 'em joy,
An' not because it's dear to God's own heart;
Oh, Lord, the most o' men I ever know
Has brought the world a mighty heap o' pain.

Some men may haste to bring a thought o' pain
Into their brother's heart, just for the love
They bear their fellow men, but this I know—
Men to their passions is a heap more true
Than to their God. The most o' men at heart
Cares mightly little for their brother's joy.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

This world with all its pain (an' this is true)
Has mother's love, my sweetheart's purest heart
An' these, I know, bring me the best o' joy.

EGO TE AMO.

"*Yo te amo*" is, in Spain,
The wooing lover's sweet refrain,
When 'tis whispered soft and low
In the accents lovers know,

"*Yo te amo*" brings a flush
To the Spanish maiden fair,
As she hears with fiery blush
The Don his love declare.

"*Yo te amo*" is, in Spain,
The wooing lover's sweet refrain.

"*Je vous aime,*" in sunny France,
Spoken with a tender glance,
Is the secret lovers tell
To the chic and gay Mamselle.

"*Je vous aime*" is sweet to her,
And the love he whispers low
In her bosom sets astir
Joys that none but lovers know.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

"Je vous aime," in sunny France,
Sets a maiden's heart adance.

"I love you," we Yankees say,
In an honest, manly way;
And the tale these words impart
Sets athrill the maiden's heart,
"I love you," nor France nor Spain
Knows a lover half so true.
So, maiden, treat not with disdain
The honest English, *"I love you."*
In an honest manly way,
"I love you," we Yankees say.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

ASSOCIATION.

A strident, cawing crow
Sings melody to me,
Because, long years ago
A strident, cawing crow
Flew over, while below
I told my love to thee.
A strident, cawing crow
Sings melody to me.

A nightingale in woe
A threne pours out to me,
Because, long years ago
A nightingale in woe
Heard thee whisper low
Thy last sweet words to me.
A nightingale in woe
A threne pours out to me.

In every bird-sung strain
I hear a song of thee,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

The joy I feel, or pain,
In every bird-sung strain,
Is but the past again—
My love comes back to me.
In every bird-sung strain
I hear a song of thee.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

JOSH OPINES.

It's kinder nice, on a rainy day,
When a feller ain't got nuthin' to say,
To sit an' watch the rain-drops play

In the puddles.

There ain't much doin' out o' doors,
But the fire in the old grate cracks and roars,
And there's nothin' for me to do but the chores

This evenin'.

I tell you what, it's lots of fun
To think, when the work is almost done,
You're the very laziest son-of-a-gun

In creation.

To think of a cheerful rainy day,
When the blues has gone and run away;
When the apples is roastin' by the fire,
And the smell of the turkey's mountin' higher;
When the sound of the walnut shells a-crackin'
Is sure to set your lips a-smackin';
To think of a eatin', lazy time

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Like Riley sings in his good old rhyme,
Is lots more fun to a feller like me,
Who ain't too peart' than for to be
Alluz workin.

A MEMORY.

It seems to me so long ago—
And yet 'twas not so long—
Since we sat in the dusk of a shadowy vale
And heard the thrush's song:
A simple song of an humble bird,
In a coat of mottled brown,
But it comes to me now through the rattle and roar
Of the rushing, busy town.
I live when I hear the thrush's song—
Forgot is the lonely Now;
I hear the sough of a whispering breeze
And the lisp of a leafy bough;
I feel the thrill of a God-sent joy—
The touch of your lips on my brow.

That kiss was pure as the purest love
The very angels know;
As pure as the white of untrod peaks
Where lies the virgin snow.
That kiss was like the quickening touch

Of sparkling spring-time rain,
That calls to life the buried flowers
That winter's cold has slain.
It made me know that love is long,
That life is not in vain,
When love in life is sweet enough
To sweeten all the pain.
I live, when I hear a thrush's song,
And, here in the lonely Now,
I hear the sough of a whispering breeze
And the lisp of a leafy bough;
I feel the thrill of a God-sent joy—
The touch of your lips on my brow.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

The kisses that her lips impress
Are sacred things, and bring to me
A sweetness that is holiness—
That lives for all eternity;
For mother's love is like a ring,
A precious, perfect, endless thing.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE STREAM.

I know a limpid, wondrous stream,
As pure as the joy of a baby's dream;
That mellowly murmurs in mystic tone,
A lilting music all its own.
In the heart of the hills of love it lies,
And mirrors the beauty of earth and skies
That is caught in the heart of it, golden deep,
Where mystic, inviolate melodies sleep.

Magical music with never a tone,
That sing to each heart of its own, of its own;
For my stream is the love of womankind,
That murmurs a music intertwined
With the secret longing of every heart,
That feels a single love-throb start;
I sing of a pure, unselfish love—
The God-sent blessing—mother's love.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

Soft through the forest when twilight is falling,
Clear as the sound of a fairy-swung bell,
Plaintive and low as Eurydice's calling,
Sweet as the breath of the fay Asphodel,
Ringing and singing, caressing and swinging,
The dim-lighted aisles of the forest along,
Lilts through the forest the wood-thrush's song.

Breath of the wildwood and perfume of flowers,
Murmur and whisper of low lispings streams,
Love that the nymphs knew in violet bowers,
When life was all loving and troubles were dreams;
Love's life in the strain of it, hope in the pain of it
Down through my soul drifts the song from above,
Falling and falling, and evermore calling,
"Sweetheart, I love you! Love you, my love?"

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SONG.

Thou hast not loved, young heart;
 So naught of pain
Hast known, nor felt the dart,
 That ruthless, vain,
Thy fondest dreams of happiness hath slain.

Thou hast not loved? I envy thee
 The perfect sway
Thou hast o'er joy; for thou art free
 To have thy way
And laugh at love and lovers all the day.

Thou hast not loved? I pity thee
 For all of this;
The pain of love is joy to me.
 I know the bliss,
The warm ecstatic sweetness of her kiss.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

NIGHT.

She comes, a queen, all sable dressed;
An august beauty, calmly fair.
The Pleiades upon her breast,
A jewelled brooch, and in her hair—
Soft hair by balmy breeze caressed,
Breathing sweet perfumes on the air—
Nestles the milky way, a crown
Of fairy roses. All adown
The arching skies her silent car
Rolls on, while every gleaming star
Bends low in reverence at sight
Of her, the heaven-born empress, Night.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

WANDERERS.

I saw a sea gull drift away
Over the sea at the close of the day
Till the bird was lost in the clouds of ink
That lay in the dark horizon's brink.

But wild and free
O'er the surging sea
The cry of that sea bird came to me
Like the sob of a soul in agony.

I saw a killdee flit away
Over the lea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the rosy mist
That the sun's last lingering rays had kissed.

But sweet and free
O'er the grassy lea
The cry of that killdee came to me
Alit with love's low melody.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

And thus my thoughts drift far away
In dreams at the close of a weary day.
And some, like the gull, cry out in pain,
And some sing sweet like the killdee's strain;
 But all are free
 And bring to me
A sweet love song or a threnody
That rings in my soul eternally.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A WINTER SONG.

Sing a song of winter for the joys it has in store,
Of the blissful yuletide pleasures of the golden days
of yore.

I hear the ring of melodies of ages long since flown,
That sing to me of happy times the misty past has
known.

But present joys are sweet to me; I would not trade
them *now*

For all the past or future joys that time can know, I
trow.

Sing a song of winter, sing it with a will,
Till the merry, fairy music sets the very wood athrill—
Till the rhyming, chiming echo comes aclimbing o'er
the hill.

Sing a song of winter, when the ground is white be-
low,

When the redbird gleams among the pines and flames
across the snow,

When the woods are pure as samite with their drift-
ing coat of white,

When the air is full of music in the moonlit, starry
night,

When the ringing bells are singing as the cutter flies
along,

Till the silent woods stand listening to the music of
their song.

Sing a song of winter, sing it with a will,

Till the merry, fairy music sets the very woods
athrill—

Till the rhyming, chiming echo comes aclimbing o'er
the hill.

THE FLIGHT.

I lay on the hills the other night,
The moon shone gold with its mellow light;
The night wind sang a glad refrain
That the streamlet echoed back again—
A song of the night, a serenade,
To lull the pain the day had made.
A song of peace, and rest, and love,
A song of the stars that gleamed above—
That twinkled and beamed like tender eyes
That lighten and glow when the love lights rise.

Then, sweet as the melodies angels hear,
The sound of music, pulsing and clear
As the timbrels of Judah, came to my ear.
The sound of a waltz, a rhythmic strain,
That spoke of love, nor spoke in vain;
For *she* came to me, and heard with me,
The throb of that soulful melody.

A passionate viol soared aloft
With the theme, and then as soft

As a baby's breath it sang to me
Of death and God's eternity.
And then the boom of a kettledrum,
Like a palpitant heart throb, seemed to come
Fraught with the life of music. Gleamed
The stars in the vault above. I dreamed
I flew with the spirit of song
Beyond the stars, and all along
The mystic chaos of awful space,
So high and far, I saw the face
Of earth, a fiery pebble burn
Beneath a sea of space, and turn
And twirl to the lilt of that air; so far
I passed beyond the farthest star,
Beyond the farthest lights that are,
And still, re-echoed in my brain,
I heard the sound of that waltz's strain
And listened, enthralled, by the sweet refrain.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A VILLANELLE OF JOY.

Down the dancing, dimpling rills
Where the netting wave-shades play
Comes the message from the hills.

Love-charms that the dew distils
Gleam in ripples all the way
Down the dancing, dimpling rills.

In lilting song that throbs and thrills
Where the pearl-cupped lilies sway
Comes the message from the hills.

*"Hearken to the song that stills
All the sorrows of the day,
Down the dancing, dimpling rills.*

*"With the strain the song-bird trills
Through the love-fraught hours of May,
Comes the message from the hills.*

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

*"Love'tis love alone, that fills
Life with joys for which we pray!"*
Down the dancing, dimpling rills
Comes the message from the hills.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

WHEN DE FISH AM BITIN' FREE.

Dey aint no fun agoin'

Dat jes gets nex' to me,
Like a fishin' in de shadder
Of a hangin' over tree.

Wiv nuthin but de sun heat,
And de san' gnats bothern' me.
When de river's sort o' clear like
An de fish am bitin' free.

I aint so dern particular

Bout de kind ov fish dat bites
If deys little uns, or big uns,
Be dey catfish, eels or whites,
But I jes wants to be afishin,
An a loafin lazily,

When de river's sort o' clear like
An de fish am bitin' free.

I haint no fancy fishin' *rod*,

I catch 'em wiv a *pole*,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A paw-paw pole I cut myself
Up by de swimmin' hole.
But dey aint no fancy fisherman
Has near's much fun as me
When the river's sort o' clear like
An de fish am bitin' free.

For dey aint no fun agoin'
Dat jes gets nex' to me,
Like a fishin' in de shadder,
Of a hangin' over tree.
Wiv nuthin' but the sun heat,
An de san' gnats botherin' me.
When de river's sort o' clear like
An de fish am bitin' free.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

SUMMER SONG.

Oh summer in Kanawha, you have this heart of mine
When purple grapes are bursting into ripeness on
the vine ;

When sweet peas light the trellis like a rainbow
gone to boom

And flooding the dozing garden with their subtle
sweet perfume ;

When bees are softly humming round the apples on
the trees

And purple morning glories nod a greeting to the
breeze ;

When far across the meadows the rippling waters
gleam

Like the lazy, mazy, hazy recollection of a dream ;

Oh summer in Kanawha, when skies are azure
hue

My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home
to you

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Oh summer in Kanawha, when standing at the gate
And hearing, far across the fields, the partridge call
his mate ;

'Tis sweet to think the world all love, with not a
thought of hate,

To dream the dear old dreams again, before it is
too late.

Ah, life is worth the living in the golden, dewy morn
When field larks pipe their silver notes across the
tasseled corn;

And life is worth the living in the drowsy summer
noon ;

And dreaming, more than dreaming neath the
gleaming summer moon ;

Oh summer in Kanawha, whenever skies are blue,
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home
to you.

Oh summer in Kanawha, when twilight shadows fall,
And floating from the mountains comes the night
birds' triple call,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

'Tis then the dreams come thronging like the
ghosts of happiness,

And evening breezes thrill me like a mother's dear
caress.

And I see you, sweetheart, waiting at the old familiar
place

And I catch the graceful glimmer of the moonlight
on your face;

Oh my thoughts go winging swiftly through the
slowly lapsing years

Till my eyes are brimming, swimming, dimming
fast with misty tears.

Oh summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts are
true

My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home
to you.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

ARCADY.

'Tis a dreamy, easeful land,
Where lotus blossoms stand
 In the streams;
And the water lilies lie
Where clear streamlets ripple by
 As in dreams.

Here the heavy orchid blooms
Flood the air with rich perfumes
 All the day.

O'er the stream and o'er the wheat,
Where the woods and meadows meet,
 Swallows play.

Here the silent, gorgeous morn,
Sounds her panic barken horn
 Through the air.

Till each faun and satyr flies
With fearful, startled eyes,
 To his lair.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Apologies To Eugene Field.

Kneel, little baby, and lisp your prayers,
Innocent baby with wondering eyes,
Pray to the rhyming
Of Christmas bells chiming,
Climbing to heaven where Jesus lies.

There in the heavens there gleams a light,
A golden light that shines afar;
On the storm-cloud's tresses
It lays its caresses—
Caresses of love: 'tis the Christ-child's star.

In by the bedside the starlight steals
As soft as the rustle of angel wings;
See, it is glistening
Brightly, and listening,
Listening to music that mother sings.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Up from the city there comes the sound
Of curses and blasphemies awful to hear;
Mankind is stoning
Our Lord. He is groaning,
Moaning and weeping in agony, dear.

So kneel little baby and lisp your prayers,
Innocent baby with wondering eyes;
Pray to the rhyming
Of Christmas bells chiming,
Climbing to heaven where Jesus lies.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Hail wind of the grand
Old southern land,
The land of beauty and love.
Your murmur aloft
Is as sweetly soft
As the coo of a wooing dove.

Your murmur, oh, wind,
Is to my mind
The sweetest of lullabies.
It must be the croon
That your mother, the moon,
Sang to you, child of the skies.

She lulled you to rest
On the balmy breast
Of azure southern seas,
Till the stars looked down

With a jealous frown,
Envious of your ease.

You have rocked to sleep
Young thrushes deep
In forests of fragrant pine.
You have deflowered
Wild roses, embowered
In cradles of eglantine.

In the land of the palm,
That far land calm,
Where the tropic waters flow,
You romped through the trees
With the wanton breeze
From the gloomy land of snow.

You whisper of flowers
That sparkling showers
Ever keep fragrant and cool;

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

You sigh of sweet streams
Like those of my dreams,
As calm as a lily-decked pool.

Whenever you breathe
On a flower, you bequeath
A dower of perfume rare,
As subtle almost
As the fragrant ghost
Of flowers that bloom in air,

But, wind, do not furl
Your white sails of pearl,
Nor anchor your cloud craft here,
Oh, sail on above
And bear to my love
The message she longs to hear.

And then sail back,
O'er the same sky track,
And bring me the sound of her voice.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

And sing of her eyes
Where the lovelights rise,
Then, wind, in your heart rejoice.

Oh, wind, you are old,
A free lance bold,
Have kissed and been kissed by turns,
But the sweets you have missed
Are the lips I have kissed
And the love that my heart inurns.

L. of C.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SONG OF PROTEST.

Songs of joy and songs of love
Sing I till the clouds above
Gleam and glisten in the bright
Glory of my true delight.
Sing I not one note of pain:—
Rainbows glisten through the rain.—
Tho my eyes with tears be wet,
Tho my soul with pain be fret,
Tho my heart cannot forget
Sorrows that have come to me,
Sing I not a threnody;—
Starlight glimmers through the dark,
Mocks-birds sing when still the lark.

“But,” they tell me, “love is dead,
All you say has oft been said.
Songs have praised each flower’s hue.
Eyes of brown or eyes of blue
Have been praised by poet, who
Knew and felt far more than you.

“These things all were true one while,—
If you sing the world will smile.
No real men can you beguile
Singing songs of love, the thing
Older than the rhymes you sing.

“Men care naught if love be true,
What men want is something new.

Sing great songs of vice and blood,
If you would be understood.
Let the martial trumpet ring
In the soldier songs you sing.
Make your muse a barbed dart,
To pierce and bleed the human heart.
Sing of woes that freeze the blood,
If you would be understood.

“Men have time for songs if you
Search their passions through and through,
But sentiment you must taboo.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

‘God made man in such a wise;’
They say, ‘that all the vaulted skies
Are to him a domed tomb
Holding men in charnel gloom;
Sodden captives held for life
In a loathsome vale of strife.’

“Sing such songs as men like these
Understand, and that will please;
All your work will lauded be
As the best of poetry.
Men will say your clanging rhyme
Shall be chanted in all time.

“Sing you vice and blood and woe,
If you human fame would know.
Sing of bawds of stark ill-fame,
Beautify their vice, and blame
None so much as those who be
Pure in their own purity.
Sing of beasts who, swinelike, swill

Dregs of fetid filth; who kill
All their likeness unto God;
Treading paths dead kings have trod,
Who are foul as filth, and then
Wear the visages of men.

“Sing of men such as they are—
You can find and not search far.
Poetry is truth, and art
Is but telling, (do not start
I am not the first who saw
That beef is best when eaten raw,
Condiments and fire are what
Meat of beef possesseth not.)
Fact for fact, and crime for crime,
They will all be known in time.
Hide not filth—be not afraid—
Always call a spade a spade.
Tell of things of filthy kind
If filth be of the things you find.”

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

So I sing, and sing I will
Till my singing voice is still:—
Of things of earth or skies above
Beautiful and good to love!
Sing I songs to God's own plan—
Songs to bring God's joy to man—
Thoughts that sing themselves to me
Full of subtle melody
To drive my thoughts of gloom away
And light the sunshine of a day.
Sing I these in simple strain;—
Shall I deem them sung in vain,
If they still in some man's heart
A single sting of sorrow's dart?

The truth I see in skies above me
In God's command, "Know thou and love me.
Every cloud upon the blue,
Every blossom fair of hue
Every beauty painters limn

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Is a mystic word of him.
So I sing not songs of strife
Sing I but the joys of life,
Songs of joy and hope to man,
Happiness to God's own plan.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SONG OF YOU,

Bereft of you,
The world is dark.
To heights of blue
Up springs the lark.
But there is sadness softly ringing
In his sweet singing.

The sunlit hours
Deprived of you
Are fragrant flowers
Bereft of dew,
That droop and wither, broken hearted,
Their joy departed.

You are the sun
To light the rain
Agleam upon
A flowery plain,
For thoughts are jewels all about you,
But dead without you.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Among earth's host
Of wonders fair
Not one can boast
Your sweetness rare.
When alien breezes fan and kiss you,
Sweetheart, I miss you!

* * * * *

*My heart, oh God,
From withered gloom
Like Aaron's rod
Would burst abloom
If I could see her eyes above me
And she should love me.*

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

HOW CAN I, LORD?

How can I, Lord, forget your love
When every breeze that sighs above
Is fraught with perfume sweet and rare
To breath to you an endless prayer?
How can I, Lord, forget your wrath
When written on the planet's path
Through endless space with pen of light
I read your name upon the night?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do
Despite the breeze's prayer to you,
Despite the word athwart the blue,
Forget, O God, I do, I do.

How can I, Lord, forget your power,
When in the heart of every flower
So dainty sweet and fair of hue,
I read a mystic word of you?
How can I, Lord, for mercy hope,
When in these darkened ways I grope,

How can I hope your love to win
Deep groveling in the filth of sin?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do.
A worthless word, a heart untrue,
Are all, O God, I bring to you,
But hope for mercy, Lord, I do!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

Far in the heart of the golden west
Over the dozing mountain's crest
Hideth the sun.

Softly with lingering step and slow,
Over the twilight fields we go,
Hearing the night wind whispering low,
And day is done.

The night wind sings to the slumbrous hills
A song of perfect love that thrills
This heart of mine.

Slowly the twilight shadows fall
Over the meadows the killdees call,
And fame is nothing, but love is all,
Oh sweetheart mine.

Love for love is the all of life,
The rest from sorrow the calm of strife,
Oh heart of mine.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Silver clouds in the golden west,
Whispering winds that tell of rest,
Love for love of all is best,
 Oh sweetheart mine.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

NEVA.

Oh Neva, can you not remember
A time, though aeons away,
When you and I were together,
In the love of a better day?
It seems to me, here in the gloaming,
When the day is nearly done,
That, ages ago, in the twilight,
We watched the slow setting sun,
And then, in the moontide's splendor,
We saw the great sea's wave
Burn with a golden glory
The magic moonlight gave,
We saw great crimson flowers
Bud and blossom and die,
We saw soft silver cloudlets
Drift over the azure sky,
We felt the passionate breezes,
Laden with perfume rare,
Blow on our brows the sweetest

Breath of the orchids there.
We loved in those days, my Neva,
For our blood was red warm then,
We felt not the puny passions
That now are felt by men,
We loved with the fire of the tiger
In the jungle of his birth,
We loved with the fiercest of passions
That come to children of earth.
Our love was the love of a storm wind
With the beauty of a flower;
It conquered our hearts by its beauty,
And held them by its power.
We wandered all day in the meadows
In the molten glory of noon,
At night we slept in the forest
Sentineled by the moon,
The clouds and the sky were o'er us,
And, guarding us from above,
Ablaze in his glittering raiment,

Hovered the Angel of Love.
Oh Neva, I dream in the gloaming
Of the fragrance of our bed!
With coverlid woven of petals
The redolent violets shed,
And pillows as soft as the thistle
The night breezes waft overhead.
The nightingale sang to us, Neva,
A song that the cherubim sang
When, afire with the passion of music,
Their voices in chorus rang,
And the brook's low lullaby soothed us
With the lapse of each whispering wave
That sang to the slumbering lily
Of the joys that true love gave.
Oh love, I feel your breathing
And the touch of your hair on my brow,
I see your luscious lips parted.
To kiss me even now
With the ardor and earnestness, Neva,
The humming bird shows when he sips

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Of the honey of roses, but sweetheart,
Far sweeter than roses your lips,
And the bird is a niggardly lover
And no hint of sweetness returns.
But you give to me all the sweetness
Your passionate kiss inurns.
I feel the force of the passion
That warmed your spotless breast
All palpitant with sweet longings
All eager to be caressed
And I hold you close, my Neva,
And kiss you, and kiss, and kiss
Till the earth and the clouds and the heavens.
Are fading away into bliss,
Till your lips and my lips and our loving
Are all in the world to me,
Till the very breath of the flowers
Comes panting and ardently
Aflame with the fire of the passion
That came to you and me
Afire with the flame of a passion
Limitless boundless free.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Oh for those days in the twilight
When a love was the leader of all
Beside which the loves of the present
Grow tasteless insipid and pall
On the love laden senses of lovers
Who loved with us of old.
When love was all of our being
Passionate fiery and bold!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE SONG OF THE CALLING HEART.

Heard you not a song last night
When the sounds of day were still,
And the pale moon's dreaming light,
Silvered meadow, vale and hill
And the brooding stars were bright?

Heard you not a song, faint sung,
As if the eerie notes were sped
From the hours when time was young
And love's fair dreams were hallowed,
And everywhere the joy bells swung?

Heard you not, when silent lay
The drowsy hum of summer's noon,
When stilled the ghost-like mists of gray,
The cricket's chirp, the night wind's croon,
A passing song that sped away?

A silent song of mystic tone
That sang of thoughts ineffable,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A song of times long aeons flown,
A song of now, a song to tell
The thoughts that all the ages own.

One heart the choir of hearts shall be,
To hymn the love of every heart,
For heart is heart—to you, to me,
And art of heart, or heart of art,
God's joy is love for love is he.

From heart to heart, through space of space,
The silent song shall ever sing;
While lights of love two bright eyes grace,
The calling song craves answering
From distant bourn or face to face.

When chill the cold of winter falls,
When skies are leaden dull and gray,
When ice has woven samite palls,
To shroud the river on their way,
Across the waste my soul still calls.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

And calling ever calls on you
To light the winter of my love,
To smile, and, smiling, change the hue
Of sullen skies that frown above
From winter's gray to summer's blue.

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the song's far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere
Calling, calling in its might?

For my heart when day was done,
And the time of darkness came,
Sped the courses of the sun
Like the leap of living flame,
Sped—the wings of thought upon.

It sang a song for your dear ear,
Of hopes that will not blasted be;
A song I pray you, dear, to hear,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

'Tis all the joy of life to me,
Hear it, sweet, the voice is clear.

Hear and give my loving hope,
Let love shine out the darkness through,
Let me not in darkness grope
Feeling that apart from you
I must tread the valley's slope.

In my heart let blossoms bloom,
Flowers of joy, to grace the way
From this night of loveless gloom!
To the light of love-lit day
Where all is song and sweet perfume.

Heard you not a song last night
When the sounds of day were still
And the pale moon's dreaming light
Silvered meadow, vale and hill,
And the brooding stars were bright?

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the song's far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere,
Calling, calling in its might?

*The sound you deemed the night winds sigh,
Whispering through the darkened tree,
Was the anguished longing cry,
A pleading for the joy to be!
I hope that I may love you—even I!*

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Whence comest thou? Art thou born of earth
So fragile, fair, and featly wrought?
Or hast thou in Love's brain found birth
A child of beauty and of thought?
Or art thou, waft through summer skies,
An earth blown bloom of paradise?

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THUS SAITH THE FOREST TO MAN.

Within my grassy glades of grateful shade

When thou hast strayed

Afar from all the horror of thy kind,

Sweet peace shalt find.

A myriad waving welcomes shalt thou see

My leaves waft thee.

Low lisps of loving laughter shalt thou hear

Afar and near.

For wood nymphs wanton in each sylvan glen,

Today, as when,

In olden days, a dryad made each bole

Instinct with soul.

The work and worry that thy heart has known

Till all have flown.

The pride and passion of a peopled past

Will fade at last,

Come, oh, weary wand'rer, come, oh, soul distressed

And take thy rest!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

My slumbrous aisles are poppy leaved with sleep,
 While shadows deep
Bewitch with opiates sweet and mystic spell
 The darkling dell,
Where couch of velvet moss and lulling streams
 Entice sweet dreams.
While perfumed breezes whisper o'er and o'er
 The olden lore
That tells of rest! Oh wanderer, lest thou know
 Thy mead of woe
And lest thine eyes with bitter tears be wet
 Thy world forget.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

COON SONG.

Yaller dawg's a bayen at de shadder in de moon,
Come on niggahs! Come along!

Away up de holluh dar's a gre' big coon,
Come on you niggah's all!

Come on niggahs, blow dat hawn
Dat coons a hankerin' fo' some cawn,
We'll catch that critter befor' de mawn,
Come on niggahs! Come along!

'Possum up de simmon tree a hangin' by his tail,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!
Pine knots am a blazin' dis dawg doan nevah fail,
Come on, you niggahs all!

Come on niggahs, 'possum meat am fine.
De pickaninnies like um an' dat Dinah wife o' mine
Can cook um wio potatahs dat am sweet as simmon
wine,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Come on niggahs, blow dat hawn,
Come on, you niggahs all.
Aldo the tree am mighty tall
From out dat tree dey gwine ter fall,
De coon for his fighten de possum for his fat,
Dey bof am with a huntin', I'm atellin' you that.
Come on, niggahs! Come along!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A VALENTINE VERSE.

God took a star from the vaulting skies,
From out of the heavens blue,
And from its light lit two deep eyes
God gave these eyes to you.
These eyes, as deep as the skies above,
Have lit my heart with the flame of love.

God, from that garden whence man has sped,
Took a rose of wondrous hue
And from it fashioned two lips of red,
God gave these lips to you,
And whoso knows these lips warm kiss
Shall know the best of that garden's bliss.

God made a heart to his own great plan
Tender, loving and true.
More perfect than heart he gives to man,
God gave this love to you,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

And whoso wins this heart of yours
For him a treasure of love outpours.

Eyes and lips and heart of love,
I know and love them, too,
With a love as true as the skies above,
God gives this love to you.
Will you give your heart for this heart of mine,
This heart I send as your valentine?

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A MEMORY.

Am I mad as I sit in the twilight now
With the cold wind stinging my upturned brow?
Has the moon that gleams in the western sky
Affected my fevered brain that I
Gazed at the stars and, sigh and sigh,
For a night that is weary years gone by?
Am I mad that I long for joys I have known,
Sweetheart my own?

Is it strange that this tinkling mandolin
Should sing to me of a violin
That sang a waltz so long ago,
Where Marechal, Niel and Jacqueminot
Perfumed the air where to and fro
We glided on—ah me I know
That your dear heart my pain has known,
Sweetheart my own.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Is it strange that my wandering thoughts should roam
Through devious way to that "Home Sweet Home,
When the bliss of heaven was ours that night?
Is it strange that my heart should not be light,
Or strange that mists should dim my sight?
When I long for that time when love made bright?
The happiest hours that I have known,
Sweetheart my own?

I hear the summer breezes croon,
I see the light of the summer moon,
Though the campus gleams with a garb of snow
I hear your dear voice sweet and low
As you spoke in the gloaming long ago.
My heart is worn with a weight of woe
As I long for the peace of the love I have known,
Sweetheart my own.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

THE REAL RAGGEDY MAN.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

This raggedy man, he works for all
Whom troubles and worries hold in thrall
He sings sweet songs of sun and dew
And lighten the world for me and you—
He opens our hearts—and pain has fled
And memories of childhood live instead.
He soothes with the balm of love-bid tears
The bitter pain of the waiting years.
This mystical, musical raggedy man
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

The raggedy man, so much he knows
He splits our troubles and chops our woes
And digs deep down in our hearts to find
Longings to which most men are blind.
He climbs clear up to the heavens blue
And flings back songs for me and you,
Songs that are written to God's own plan

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

By the wondrous art of the raggedy man.
This loving and lovable raggedy man
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

This raggedy man he too knows rhymes
That ring as true as blue bell chimes.
He knows about babies and girls and boys
And men and women, their woes and joys—
The slumbrous murmur of zooning bees,
The autumn song of the changing trees,
And he sings these songs from his great warm heart
Till tears of joy from our lashes start.
And we love to the songs of the raggedy man,
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

Oh raggedy man, if you could know
The wondrous ways your sweet songs go,
If you could know the good they do,
The wealth of the world would be naught to you.
Oh raggedy man—our hearts are yours,

For you a treasure of love outpours,
Your heart was made to the Master's plan,
And he blesses your work, oh raggedy man.
Oh singer of childhood, raggedy man,
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Sing a song of Autumn, sing it soft and low,
Sing it to the rustle of the breezes as they blow.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
To the rustle of the leaves,
When the morning sun like Midas turns to gold the
standing sheaves.

Sing a song of Autumn, of hunt and harvest time;
Seek the woods and meadows for the subject of your
rhyme.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
As the reapers go,
Joy is in your voice, dear, the joy that lovers know.

Tune it to the rhythm of the dead leaves as they fall,
Set it to the music of the swallow's parting call.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing,
At the dying of the year,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

But let your voice in the joy ring forth, for love is
ever here.

Sing a song of resting, when the sun is done,
And tune it to the glory of the setting of the sun.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
While the shadows flicker low,
And while I whisper you what no one else shall know.

Mellow floods of star-light melt away the gloom,
And symphonies of sympathy float out and fill the
room,

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
Till a melody unfold
As perfect as this love of mine that I so oft have told.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it, till the golden harvest
moon,
And the glistening stars seem listening to the music
of your croon.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
To the beating of our hearts.
Sing the tale of harvest time their beating so imparts.

Sing a song of happiness, blissfulness and joy;
Sing a song of golden love that never knows alloy.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
While the night wind whispers low.
There is a sweetness in your song, sweetheart, the
world can never know.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

TO DANDELION.

Laden with a wreath of gold,
 Stolen from some gnome below,
White, then bald thou growest old
 With a weary weight of woe;
Thus illgotten wealth e'er gave
 A troubled pathway to the grave.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A JULY RAIN.

The grass is wet and drippin' an' the puddles runnin'
over,

The July air is reekin' with the scent of hay an' clover,
There's joy in every breathin' of the flower laden air
And whisperin's of wildwood joys adriftin' every-
where.

An' the laughin' leaves are callin'
To the rattlin' rain drops fallin'
That the fairies are a dancin' beneath the holly tree;
And the rain drops hark and hear them,
And the fairies never fear them,
For the raindrops love the good folk of forest, glen
and lea.

The mottled thrush is singing sweet a wildwood
elfin choral,
While silent dells and dingles offer fragrant incense
floral

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

To the dancin' drops that dimple down each lazy
lispin' stream

Where lilies light the shallows and flashing minnows
gleam,

While the ferns, their fronds upturnin'

Like suppliant hands, deep yearnin'

For a life where dreams and dreamin' the purest
pleasure be,

Seem to tell these clouds above me

That they know me, yes, and love me!

Ah the shower brings a thousand thoughts **and** purest
joy to me!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

VIA CRUCIS.

Along the dreary path of life
By way of hearthid tears,
Men wage the bitter cruel strife
Of hopes and biting fears.

The Golgotha of waiting years,
Love's Calvary of woe,
Hopes, and regrets, soul-pain and fears,
The hearts of all men know.

But far beyond the vale of strife
The weary way above
The true reward of faithful life
Gleams fair the heaven of love.

AWAKENED.

A silent wind harp was my heart
Before love came to me.
Love came, and every vibrant part
Awoke to melody.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

A SONG OF THE OPEN AIR.

Most poets sing of the sweets of love,
The love-lit eyes of ladies fair,
The perfect bliss of a clinging kiss,—
I sing the joy of the open air.
I sing the joys of wood and field,
And the heart's own pleasures the forests yield,
The perfect joy of the open air,
So it's hey for the forest, the stream and sea,
The life of a rover's the life for me
With rod and gun 'neath the autumn sun,
Boys of the woodland, life is fun,
To fellow with oak and birch and pine,
To tent in the shade of a wild grapevine,
To smell the breath of the damp brown earth,
To hear the rustle of lispings leaves,
Gives the hopes of a tired heart new birth,
Is a balm to the pain of the one who grieves—
So it's hey for the noontide or sunsets fair,
Bright starlit night, or the pale moon's glare.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Now or then wherever or where
It's hey for the joy of the open air!
I sing not the song of the work of man,
 Be it music or poem or painting rare;
My song's of the sod the work of God
 And the perfect joy of the open air.
I sing the song of the beacon star
That lights the mariner o'er the bar
 When the wind is high and the sailor's dare,
So it's hey for the primal joys of man,
The joys that are to God's own plan—
 The woodland air is a perfumed prayer
 To Him who made the woodland fair.
To Him who wills the breeze to blow,
The birds to sing, the brooks to flow,
 Whose name is writ on the mountain's crest
 And lisped in the song of the running
 streams,
Whose love is hid in the bluebell's breast
 And glints in the light of the bright sun's
 beams,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

So it's hey for the noontide or sunset fair.
The glory of God is written there,
Now or then, wherever or where,
It's hey for the joy of the open air.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS

TO THE SOUTHLAND.

Oh southland far and fine,
Where the air is tanged like wine,
And the slumbrous days are lethed with a languor
half divine;
Where the cypress rears its head
O'er the swamp plant's oozy bed.
And the water lily rustles to the musk-rat's stealthy
tread.

Where the warm night's misty gloom
Is rare with rich perfume,
That lures thy lazy longing where the lush magnolias
bloom,
While the night bird's eerie song
Soothes thy sleep, the whole night long,
With the subtle ghosts of melodies, where fairy fancies
throng.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

Oh'southland, thou art fair,
And for all thy beauties rare
Of mountain, vale or meadow, of river, sea or air
I hold thee in my breast—
A flower that is pressed
In the golden book of memory and cherished there
as blessed.

Oh south of olden day
When the sky was blue alway,—
But no truer to its color than the hearts that love the
gray;
Where blessed memory
Decks graves where heroes lie,—
Our southland's contribution to the hosts of chivalry.

Where every southern heart
Feels the present time depart,
And memories of olden time, in glory's garb, upstart,

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

When to martial tumult from
The heart-throb of the drum,
While the band is playing "Dixie" the grayclad
veterans come.

Oh southland 'tis for this,
The spirit others miss,
We Southrons hold you dearest as the home of earthly
bliss,
For of memories half divine,
No land has hosts like thine,
That sweeten with their aging like the best of olding
wine.

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

STAR DUST.

Long aeons past primordial dust was wrought,
By God's design, slow changing to this earth.
In minds of men from simple dust of thought
Vast worlds of weighty wisdom take their birth.

· MY ALL.

Happiness, nor countless gold,
Nor fame that gives the world to me,
Can still my heart, so overbold,
That longs for thee.

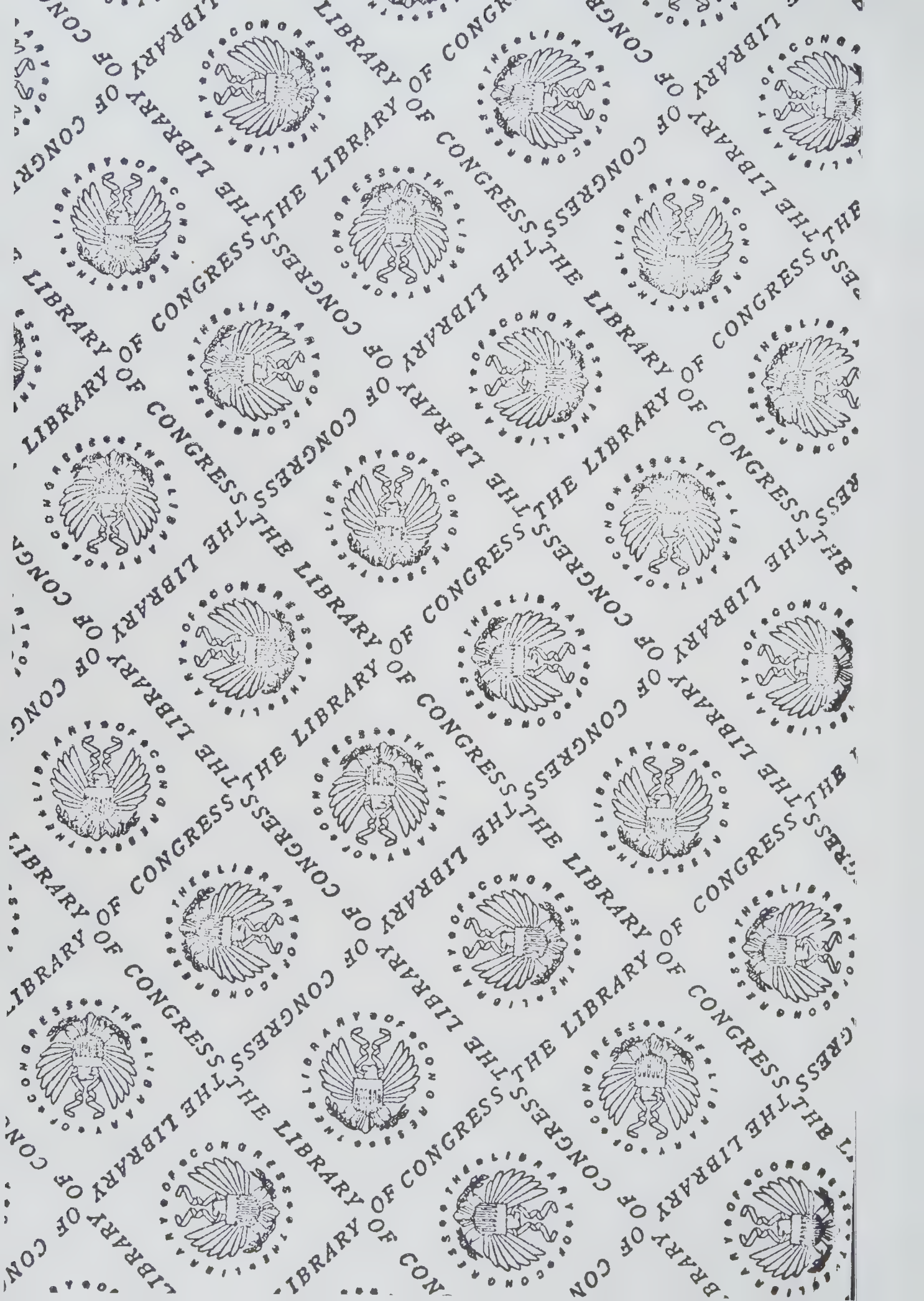
The lilt of bird sung melodies,
The amorous moonlight, wearies me,
I see no beauty 'neath the skies
But is of thee !

These four alone are in this world—
The light devine
That lit my heart and there unfurled
My love, and thine—
A hope that love then brought to me—
My heart, afire
With passionate longings, dear, for thee—
And my desire!

LYRICS OF THE HILLS.

SOUL UNION.

Two shadows met and merged in one
As single as the parent sun;
And so two hearts did one day meet
And form a union so complete
That God decreed these hearts should be
One heart for all eternity.



Made in the USA
Columbia, SC
10 March 2022



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